I cannot weepe, nor anſwere haue I none,
But what ſhould goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
Def. Tis meet I ſhould be vſde ſo, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe. *Enter* Iago
Iag. What is your pleaſure Madam? *and* Emilia.
How i'ſt with you?
Def. I can not tell: thoſe that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes;
He might ha chid me ſo, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.
Iag. What is the matter Lady?
Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch deſpite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.
Def. Am I that name *Iago*?
Iag What name faire Lady?
Def. Such as ſhe ſayes my Lord did ſay I was.
Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed ſuch tearmes vpon his Callet.
Iag. Why did he ſo?
Def. I doe not know, I am ſure I am none ſuch.
Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.
Em. Has ſhe forſooke ſo many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?
Def. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beſhrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
Def. Nay, heauen doth know.
Em. I will be hangd, if ſome eternall villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, couſening ſlaue, to get ſome office,
Haue not deuiſde this ſlander, Ile be hang'd elſe.
Iag. Fie, there is no ſuch man it is impoſsible.
Def. If any ſuch there are heauen pardon him.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his boues:
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knaue;
Some baſe notorious knaue, ſome ſcuruy fellow;
O heauen, that ſuch companions thoudſt vnfold,
And put in euery honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcall, naked through the world,
Euen from the eaſt to'th weſt.
Iag. Speake within dores.
Em. O fie vpon him; ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turnd your wit, the ſeamy ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.
Iag. You are a foole, goe to.
Def. O good *Iago*,
What ſhall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I loſt him.
Here I kneele:
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his loue,
Either in diſcourſe, or thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any ſence,
Delighted them in any other forme;
Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
And euer will (though he doe ſhake me off
To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deerely:
Comfort forſweare me; vnkindneſſe may doe much,
And his vnkindneſſe may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my loue, I can not ſay whore,
It doth abhorre me, now I ſpeake the word,
To doe the act, that might th'addition earne,
Not the worlds maſſe of vanity could make me.
Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The buſineſſe of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Def. If t'were no other.
Iag. Tis but ſo, I warrant you:
Harke how theſe Inſtruments ſummon you to ſupper.